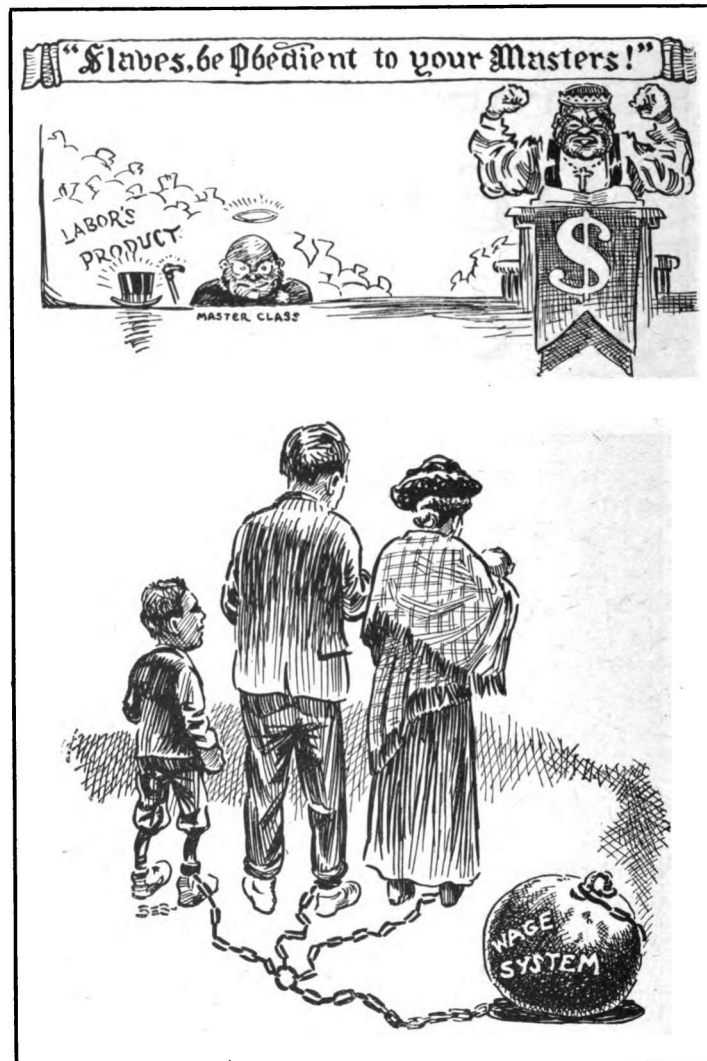


Barnhill-Tichenor
DEBATE
—ON—
SOCIALISM



AS IT APPEARED IN
THE NATIONAL RIP-SAW



Indictment of Socialism

By John Basil Barnhill

It is a manly and magnanimous impulse which moves the editor of *The National Rip-Saw* to permit me to state the grounds of my opposition to Socialism in the columns of his magazine. Permit me to say, Mr. Editor, that such an act appears to me to constitute a complete demonstration of your sincerity. In this connection it is both a pleasure and a duty to add the weight of my testimony to those who say that Socialists are terribly sincere. Having held over three hundred debates with the leading American Socialists; a Chautauqua debate with Mr. Debs after his nomination for President in 1904, twelve debates with Father McGrady, fifty Chautauqua debates with Walter Thomas Mills, twenty debates with Dr. T. E. Will, thirty debates with Mr. McDevitt, twelve debates with Mrs. Ida Crouch Hazlett, and a series with Kirkpatrick, Fieldman, Gaylord, Murray King, W. S. Dalton, J. W. Slayton, G. Lowther, J. B. Osborne, etc., in addition to many with prominent English and Irish Socialists, I ought to be able to speak with authority on this subject, and I declare my firm conviction that no body of men was ever actuated by more sincere motives than are the rank and file and most of the leaders of the Socialist party. After paying them this tribute, I feel justified in proceeding with brutal frankness to the destruction of all their most cherished dogmas.

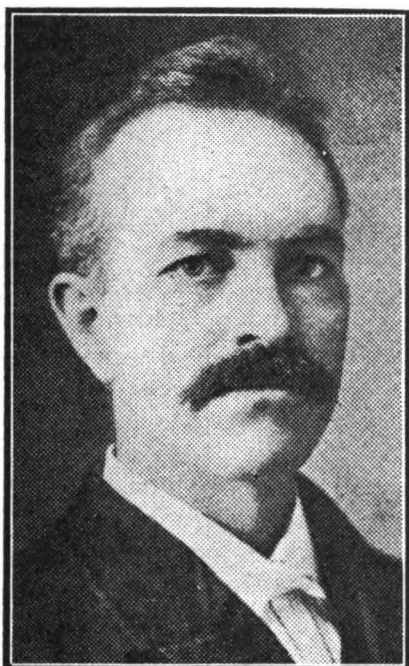
A Definition of Socialism

I accept this definition of Socialism, given in "The Quintessence of Socialism" by Schaeffle, who is recognized as high authority both by Socialists and non-Socialists: "The Alpha and Omega of Socialism is the transformation of private and competing capitals into a united, collective capital." The same author, elaborating his definition, says: "In place of private capital and competition, we should have a state-regulated organization of national labor into a social labor system, equipped out of collective capital; the state would collect, warehouse and transport all products, and finally would distribute them to individuals in proportion to their registered amount of social labor and according to a valuation of commodities exactly corresponding to their average cost of production." Throughout this debate I shall assume that the above constitutes an accurate and fair definition of Socialism, both as respects its aims and its methods of a realization. I want my opponent to state wherein this definition is wrong, if he deems it wrong, and I want him to lay down his definition of Socialism if he is unable to accept the above, and I want him to stick to his definition throughout the course of the debate, or at least till I drive him from it.

The Mightiest of Crusades

Life is too short for anything but absolute sincerity. Throughout this debate let us never forget that the mightiest of crusades—the emancipation of millions from undeserved misery—pleads with us to subordinate all personal feeling and to seek a Promethean spirit for this Promethean task. No better model can be set before us than Victor Berger's frank admission before the National Socialist Congress in May, 1910, when he said: "If the application of electricity will enable one man to live on three acres, then we shall have Individualism instead of Socialism." I take off my hat to Victor Berger for thus placing before all reformers this creed-bursting devo-

tion to human welfare. He who can thus nobly exalt humanity above all dogma, all creed, all party ties, is greater than any mere Socialist or Individualist—he is the FRIEND OF MAN. In the fine spirit of humanity shown by Victor Berger let us proceed in this debate to



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find out what it is that has dared to shut the gates of mercy on mankind, and let us not falter till they are flung wide open again.

Is the Murderer Competition, or is It Monopoly?

It will be recalled that in one of the greatest scenes created by Shakespeare, Macbeth returns from the King's bedchamber and to his wife exclaims:

“Methought I heard a voice say, sleep no more,
Macbeth hath murdered sleep, the innocent sleep.”

Social reformers admit that something in our modern civilization is murdering life, is murdering the hopes of the young and the aged, is robbing men and women by the millions of their God-given rights, is robbing man of his fatherhood and woman of her motherhood. Socialists tell us this monster is competition. I affirm that it is monopoly, and the issue is clean cut between us. I have seen misery in Ireland, I have seen that Empire of Hunger, the East End of London, I have seen misery in countless American cities, and I have always found that the mother and the accursed stepmother and the father and the stepfather of misery is always and everywhere without exception Monopoly or special privilege.

**Monopoly, Thou Art the Murderer! Competition, Thou
Art the Savior!**

All life, all literature, all art, civilization itself, depends on the deference accorded to the competitive principle in human society. Perhaps the two most astonishing illustrations of intellectual energy the world has ever seen are found in the Elizabethan dramatists and the Greek dramatists. Why have we never seen in the Orient such a sublime outburst of man's mental faculties? It is because monopoly, the despotism of custom, of caste, binding in unbreakable fetters all souls that struggle and aspire, condemned the Orient to a living death, to whole epochs in which not a single genius made his appearance. Why do the lions and lizards keep company upon the crumbling terraces of Persepolis? Again the same answer: Monopoly was the cause, Monopoly, with its progressive program of degeneration and death, monopoly of political power under which the individual withers and the state is more and more; here we have a whole philosophy of history for him who has a mind to interpret the great drama of history. The concentration of power in a few hands—and without that Socialism could not possibly

succeed—has always proven the fatal toboggan slide down which the nations of the past have glided into inevitable hell.

You tell me that Socialism does not involve slavery? Let us see about that. You say you wish to nationalize capital; all right, we assume you have done that. You say you wish to nationalize land and we will assume you have done that. How in the name of all that is sacred or profane can you nationalize two of the factors of production, land and capital, unless you also nationalize the third factor of production, labor? I hear your howls of rage and anguish and they are joyous music, for they show that I have you in a cleft stick.

Put it another way. You say the state can guarantee you and every other man a job at good wages, a steady job all the time. You draw up a contract of this character with the state. In the first place, the state could not possibly fulfill the terms of this contract. Fire, flood, famine, disasters by land and sea, all these spell nature's insecurity, and any attempt to realize a legal and artificial security in defiance of Nature's insecurity will result in failure. Any farmer will tell you that nature does not guarantee her crops, and if a state undertakes to guarantee security of income that state is a fraud and a liar, but even if it could guarantee your wages at a steady job, on what terms could such a contract be drawn up? It is as plain as day that no person and no set of persons could undertake to be such a father unless at the same time it reserved absolute control of your life, your expenses as well as your income, your actions to the minutest detail. I have just described a condition of slavery.



Defense of Socialism

By Henry M. Tichenor

No man in America has defended the Capitalist system more ardently and continually than my opponent in this debate, John Basil Barnhill. He is acknowledged by his own class as about the best Capitalists can put forth to refute the Socialist philosophy. It was, therefore, with great pleasure that I accepted the assignment from Comrade Phil Wagner of the Rip-Saw to handle the Socialist side of this debate, especially so because I realize the great good it will do the Socialist movement of America; for, with all due courtesy to my opponent, and after having read and digested his attack on Socialism, I confidently and fearlessly wish to announce that I shall proceed to make him look so foolish that even his own Capitalist friends will hereafter be ashamed of him. Before I get through with this debate, John Basil Barnhill, the self-esteemed hero of countless platform debates with prominent Socialists, will feel like the fourth-rate piano player in the Western music hall, over whose head the management felt obliged to put a sign reading, "BOYS, DON'T SHOOT THE CUSS; HE'S DOIN' THE BEST HE KNOWS HOW."

An Anti-Pickpocket Crusade

While there is nothing particularly objectionable to Mr. Barnhill's definition of Socialism, I shall take the liberty to make this definition more lucid by saying that Socialism is a proposed economic system wherein those things that we must all have access to in order to live, shall be owned publicly and operated democratically, and that Socialism guarantees to each one the private ownership and enjoyment of the full product of his labor. What Socialism proposes, and all that it proposes, is that no man or set of men shall live off the labor and earnings of another man or set of men—that no person shall put in his own pocket the wealth that is produced by the labor of another person. In other words, Socialism is a world-wide Anti-Pickpocket Crusade.

From his argument it plainly appears that Mr. Barnhill has never quite grasped this. Among the uneducated there are many who labor under the delusion that Socialism is some sort of a national Sunday-school picnic, where somebody spreads the table and everybody helps themselves. His allusion to Victor Berger's remark, "If the application of electricity will enable one man to live on three acres, then we shall have Individualism instead of Socialism," shows how hopelessly dull of comprehension Mr. Barnhill is. He calls this "Berger's frank admission"—it was no "frank admission" at all, it was a huge joke, and poor Barnhill doesn't see it yet. Modern genius has done wonders with electricity and machinery, and if these wonders could be miraculously carried on until one man on three acres of land could press a button and create everything necessary to life—food, clothing, fuel, pianos, books, wagons, automobiles and so on ad infinitum—then social production, with our giant industrial plants, for social

use, would be unnecessary. Otherwise Berger said he would continue to fight for Socialism. I am only explaining this for Barnhill's benefit—doubtless the readers of the Rip-Saw saw it without this elucidation.

Barnhill shoots off his first load by actually admitting that Socialism and nothing but Socialism can create a decent and humane society. Barnhill didn't know that he made this admission, because, alas! Barnhill's knowledge of Socialism is limited to phantoms floating in his own head instead of the scientific economics laid down by Marx and Engels. Barnhill admits "**that something in our modern civilization is murdering life.**" This makes me rather like the man, because, although his brain is sadly balled up on economics, he appears after all to have a tender heart. And then Barnhill bursts forth—I hate to tell it, it's really a shame to expose him—with this: "Socialists tell us that this **monster** (that is murdering life) is competition. I affirm that it is **Monopoly**, and the issue is clean cut between us."

Karl Marx predicted the birth of this "monster," Monopoly, long before the animal came, and at a time when men of the Barnhill school laughed at Marx for his prediction. But Marx disclosed the already pregnant mother of Monopoly so clearly that about every scholar in Europe admitted the Monster would surely be born in due time. To-day the school boy of average intelligence knows who spawned Monopoly—it was Competition, the very thing that Barnhill wants to back up into again in order to make us all happy. As this is about as easy a proposition as turning the oak tree back into the acorn, or the chicken into the shell, it is puerile to even discuss it. Nobody on earth but a democrat would think of it. Competition naturally produced partnerships of small capitalists that they might thus handle industry on a larger scale, and these combinations of partnerships just as naturally at last produced monopolies. This has gone on in the economic field until to-day the great modern

machines, that sprang from the brains of the skilled mechanics and workers, are by far too immense and costly to ever be owned by any individual. Modern production and distribution—carried on by the mammoth factories and great railway systems—are entirely too big for any single individual—even Mr. Barnhill—to privately own and operate. Even the most deluded mossback ought to realize that there is some difference between an old-time individually owned ox-cart and the modern transcontinental railway systems. The world to-day stands confronted with two, and only two, possible propositions, to-wit: Either its vast, modern industries shall continue to be a Capitalist Monopoly, conducted for the private profit of a select few, or shall become a nationally owned and nationally operated **Blessing**, conducted for the public welfare of the nation. If some darn fool did have the power to shove us back to the competitive days of our granddaddies it would only result in the race traveling again the same long, weary journey it has come, and the competitors would once more combine and at last give birth again to Monopoly. But the sorriest part of it all is that the minds of such men as Barnhill are a blank regarding all past history. There are thousands reading this page who well remember the old days of competition. No workingman with enough brains to want to eat when he is hungry yearns to return to those days. This is bad enough, but those “good old days” were worse. If Barnhill wants to really know something about the conditions of the workers those days, I advise him to read O’Neal’s “Workers in American History.” He will find that the little tin-horn competitors, that he so dearly idolizes, were as heartless and mercenary a bunch of pirates as ever filled the land with misery. Working men and women were looked upon as beasts of burden by these petty competitors for “trade.” Chattel slavery—both white and black—was considered a divinely ordained institution when Competition ruled supreme. We are not

in heaven by a long shot, but anybody acquainted with past history knows we are a little farther away from hell than we were then.

Pipedream of a Golden Age

Mr. Barnhill refers to the downfall of ancient nations—of Rome, Greece and Assyria—and charges the



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reign to "Monopoly." My God, does this gentleman wish to infer that at any time in the history of these nations the condition of the great masses—the workers—was anything but hell? Does he not know that these were slave epochs in which the master-class were but brutes, and the lives of the workers—the slaves—were one life-

long horror? Does he not know that this was an age of hand production and that the only possible monopoly was the ownership of the "hands" that did the producing, which, with the ownership of the land by the patrician class, was the only social system that Rome or Greece ever knew? Did Barnhill ever read anything out side of Bryan's speeches? These ancient nations declined and fell from their own rotten decay—fell to make way for Feudalism, which in its turn has given way to Capitalist production, and which, unless the everlasting law of Evolution is to be supernaturally smashed by some jaw-bone of a democratic ass, will give way to Socialism, wherein will be no Roman master and his slaves, no Feudal baron and his serfs, and no Monopolized Machine and its exploited wage-workers.

What Socialism Is Not

Mr. Barnhill talks about Socialism being a concentration of political power in the hands of a few men. As an authority on "What Socialism Is Not," Barnhill sure holds the belt. If he had any conception of what Socialism really is, he doubtless would have shot his wad at some other point than the economic and political phases of Socialism. As it is, he is but another sad but rather humorous example of the old saw that says fools will walk in where angels fear to tread. Socialism "a concentration of power in a few hands"—that's what Barnhill says. Honest, I hate to do it. I wonder if Barnhill's folks will think hard of me? But it can't be helped. It's too bad that Barnhill cannot make the Capitalist class see it this way—"a concentration of power in a few hands" would attract the whole Plunderbund to the Socialist party. But the Capitalist class does not agree with Mr. Barnhill. The Socialists are the fellows that started the "Initiative and Referendum" agitation in America, under which Congress itself could pass no laws—every proposed enactment being referred back to a vote of the people. This is REAL democracy, and the Socialists all

over the world espouse it, and the Capitalist class fights it for its very life.

Nationalizing Capital and Labor

Barnhill says that the Socialists want to "nationalize the land." That's some better than "landlordizing" it, as his crowd has already done, but if he means that Socialism would prevent the private ownership of homes he is in a more pitiable condition than the preachers who fear Socialism will bust up their religion. That a Socialist government would not some day operate vast nationally owned farms I would not say, as it doubtless will, but Socialism will never interfere with any one who prefers to acquire a piece of land and farm it with an old-fashioned bull-tongue plow, if he wants to. If a capitalist government, in the interest of the Capitalist class, can build and operate a Panama canal, can successfully and economically run immense stores there for its employes and make the fever-breeding swamps of the Isthmus one of the healthiest places in the Western Hemisphere, I can see no earthly reason why a Socialist government can not do things that require no more genius than this. Nobody but a dreamer would deny for a minute that a Socialist government may make mistakes. Socialists do not claim to be able to immediately evolve a race of angels. There is too much republican and democratic ancestry in us to hope for this. But we Socialists do claim that a working class government can collectively own and operate the modern machines of production and distribution just as practically and efficiently as the Capitalist class government owns and operates the vast machinery of destruction—the armies and navies. We do claim that if modern government is brainy enough to run the Postoffice system, it can be made brainy enough to run the coal mines.

As for guaranteeing every able-bodied man "a job at good wages," why not? Is it not as pleasant to work under the supervision of a democratically controlled state

as under the supervision of a corporation or individual boss? And, if necessary, in order to guarantee every able-bodied man a job, we would be willing—we lazy Socialists!—to cut down the hours of industrial labor to four, or even to three, or possible to two hours a day.

Barnhill, frightened at his own distorted notion of Socialism, shrieks “how in the name of all that is sacred or profane can you nationalize two of the factors of production, Land and Capital (I credit him with meaning the Machines of production, the mills, factories, etc., when he says ‘Capital,’ although it’s doubtful if the poor fellow really knows what ‘capital’ is), unless you also nationalize the third production, ‘Labor?’” Barnhill says he hears “howls of rage and anguish” when he lets this out of his system. Well, Mr. Barnhill, as far back as history goes—away beyond the Christian era, down into the night of Babylon, Egypt, Assyria, Rome and Greece, where your dreamy mind saw visions of a once destroyed Golden Age, all down these centuries of your beloved “competitive” system, Labor, the Source of all wealth, the Builder of all empires, has been brutally **Pauperized, Degraded, Outraged, Robbed, Slaughtered, Its Women Prostituted**—by heaven it is willing to be “nationalized” and see if that won’t help some! If “nationalizing” Labor means that Labor shall own the Tools it works with, shall own the jobs and thereby own the Product of the jobs, if that is what you are driving at, then let it come and welcome. You say this means slavery—it is plain to discern what you mean by “slavery”—it is not the working class you have in mind, they have never to this day known anything but slavery; for the man, or set of men, that privately own the **Jobs**, own the men who must work at the jobs in order to live. **No, it is not the working class whom you have in mind when you speak of a coming “slavery”—it is your own class—the class you represent—the non-producing class—the exploiting class, who to-day live off the earnings of Labor,**

whom you fear will be driven into slavery. For to you, and to all the parasitical minds on earth, useful work itself is slavery, and it makes cold chills go down the backs of every capitalist and beneficiary of capitalism to think of a coming day when all shall do useful work, or starve. That's the slavery you fellows fear. The chains that bound the workers in the days gone by, the chains that bind them now, nor any chains that exploitation may forge upon their limbs in days to come, worries your class not in the least.

My Opponent Gets Foolish

The foolishness that Mr. Barnhill puts forth about Socialism guaranteeing anyone against calamity, such as fire, flood and famine, is unworthy of notice or space. Government insurance of these things would doubtless be arranged; such insurance is sold to-day by the capitalist insurance companies. Socialism will not guarantee against death or disaster, or any other natural calamity. It will not guarantee against poverty, neither will it deny wealth. Those who shirk will be poor, and so will those who are spendthrifts. Those who produce the most will have the most, and those who save will have their money. To those mentally and physically unable to work, Socialism will be kind—let us hope far kinder than we are now.

Socialism is not a panacea for all human ills and frailties—it is simply a preventative that stops an exploiting class from putting in its pockets the wealth that Labor produces.

Indictment of Socialism No. 2

By John Basil Barnhill

Socialism is an Attack on Competition: It is Therefore an Attack on Civilization.

With his usual adroitness, Hon. Victor L. Berger, the first and last Socialist Member of Congress, in all his speeches in Congress carefully avoided the fundamental principles of that doctrine. He never once alluded to the fact that Socialism seeks to destroy three things—private enterprise or competition, private profits, and private property—and when you destroy these three you destroy civilization.

Socialism seeks to convert private enterprise into community enterprise, private profits into community profits, and private property into community property. This is the fundamental teaching of Socialism, and if Mr. Berger really believes in the doctrine of Socialism, why did he never discuss the fundamental principles upon which Socialism is founded?

The universal experience of mankind is that private enterprise, private profits and private property are the indispensable bases of an advancing civilization, but Socialism condemns these three factors of progress.

Why Did God Build the World on a Competitive Plan?

Private enterprise, or competition, is always a very tender point with Socialists, as I know from joyous experience. When I asked the question, "Why did God build the world on a competitive plan, if competition is wrong?" in the Republic Theatre, New York City, in the course of a debate with Mr. Fieldman, this simple question had a most remarkable effect on the hundreds of Socialists present. They howled like hyenas thirsting for

apostolic blood. The chairman, Mr. Phelps-Stokes, had to appeal to the audience before the small voice of truth could again be heard. Mr. Berger and his comrades have repeatedly pronounced sentence of death upon the principle of Competition.

And God Said to Mr. Berger, "Why, Oh, Why, Did You Not Tell Me that Before?"

It really appears to be an irreparable calamity that Mr. Berger was not present at the creation, for he could probably have saved the Creator from the mistake of building the world on a competitive plan. My former antagonist, Mr. J. O. Bentall, tried to take the wind out of my sails when he said, "We were not present at the creation, but we are here now, and we are here to tell you that competition has got to stop." He is still debating with the Creator on that point.

Secondly, individual profit is a thing which Socialism will not countenance. Yet it is the desire for profits, the hope of this individual reward, which awakens all private and commercial enterprise. It is certain that if you take away the hope of individual reward for individual exertion you will destroy individual exertion. In other words, profit is the mainspring of all industrial activity.

Lastly, Socialism attacks private property. Here it arrays against itself all the strongest and tenderest affections of the human heart. The prophet and patriot alike unite in saying that the noblest dream of man is of a time when each may sit "under his own fig tree and none durst make him afraid."

The Rock on Which Socialism Would Split

Arthur Young was well inspired when he said, "Give a man the secure possession of a rock and he will turn it into a garden." (This is the rock on which Socialism would inevitably be shattered.) But Young did not tell the whole truth. All experience proves that the surest way to turn a garden into a desert is to make possession

insecure, to substitute community interest for private interest, community property for private property, community profits for private profits, community enterprise for private enterprise, collective motive for individual motive. Socialism has over and over again taken some of the finest garden spots in the world and turned them into deserts. Ruskin Colony in Tennessee, New Australia in Paraguay, Topolobampo, and a score of other such pathetic failures will occur to every student of this subject.

But the greatest and most instructive of such failures was at New Harmony, Ind. Here Robert Owen, father of ex-Congressman Robert Dale Owen, sank a princely fortune, amounting to an annual income of \$200,000, in a vain effort to supplant the competitive system with the "co-operative commonwealth." Dying penniless, he left a priceless legacy in the record of that great social experiment at New Harmony, which teaches us that the doctrine that you can found a society where competition does not exist is a delusion, and that the effort to realize such a society must necessarily result in failure.

Individualism makes the desert blossom as the rose. Socialism turns every oasis into a desert. **SOCIALISM WOULD PROVE THE SIROCCO OF CIVILIZATION.**

A Sweatbox for Socialists

In treating the disease called Socialism, I have found the most salutary process to be the use of the well known sweatbox. Perhaps the most miraculous cure which I have to my credit is that of Mr. Christian Ballsak Hoffman, the rich Socialist miller, banker and unscrupulous assassin of logic. Mr. Hoffman, in an alleged debate with myself, made use of the stock Socialist argument that competition is stupid, wicked, wasteful and leads necessarily to adulteration. Thereupon, strictly in the interest of truth, we impaled him on the horns of the following questions, and as a horrible example of one who recklessly fooled with the buzzsaw his fame will last through the ages. I took him by the throat and smote him thusly:

Barnhill: Mr. Hoffman, you manufacture flour?

Hoffman: I do.

Barnhill: You compete with quite a number of other millers?

Hoffman: I do.

Barnhill: Do you adulterate your flour?

Hoffman: I do not. I produce the purest flour that it is possible to make.

Barnhill: Would you make a greater profit by adulterating your flour?

Hoffman: No. I make the greatest profit by producing the purest article.

Barnhill: Well, Mr. Hoffman, if under this "accursed" profit and competitive system, the people get the purest flour and you make the highest profits, will you be good enough to tell me why any sane man should kick on either such profits or such competition?

Socialists agree that Mr. Hoffman was caught in a barbed wire fence with all possibility of escape cut off. Mr. Hoffman keenly appreciated his captive state and declined to enter into further debates, having found the sweatbox unpleasantly warm.

Osborn, Slayton and McDevitt in the Sweatbox

If I enumerated all the Socialists who have found my sweatbox peculiarly fatal in their earnest efforts to avoid the truth and shun the light, the statement would sound like a patent medicine ad.

I have repeatedly put to Socialists the question: "If there is no private capital under Socialism, how could a privately owned newspaper exist?"

As a rule, Socialists dodge this question or emit a mass of verbiage in a vain effort to avoid a fatal collision. But a few have been more candid. J. B. Osborne, the blind orator, gave this answer: "We could run a little paper under Socialism." I asked him if he thought a little sheet, printed on a 9x12 job press, would be able to fight those titanic agencies of corruption which, as Jeffer-

son points out, always accompany a concentration of power.

J. W. Slayton gave the answer that no well-meaning man would want to run a private newspaper. Yet the most successful Socialist newspapers are all privately owned. I was not surprised when the Socialist chairman remarked to me at the close of the debate with Slayton that I had certainly "knocked him out" on the freedom of the press.

An equally candid reply is found in the Conference of the New Jersey Socialists—S. P. and S. L. P.—in which it is asserted that under Socialism such a thing as maintaining a privately owned newspaper would be a crime.

When I asked Mr. McDevitt whether in a panic he would rather have a million in ready cash or a million in some other form of wealth, he replied: "I will take it in land, and when I want cash I will exchange the land for cash." I thanked him for his mental suicide, and explained to him that it was just because he could not make such exchange that we have the panic. Other Socialists admit that they would take the cash, but when asked to explain the special privilege which is back of that preference, the question is perfect Greek to them.

A Semitic Sweatbox

In a debate with that powerful exhorter, Mr. Sol Fieldman, I put to him a series of questions which elicited a very high order of inspired profanity. He told the audience, as he paced up and down the platform and shook his leonine locks, that "any damned fool can ask questions." His answers below prove decidedly that in Mr. Fieldman's case discretion is the better part of valor. He was a most unwilling martyr. I greatly fear that the blood of the martyrs is not the seed of the Synagogue.

Barnhill: Do you preach more power to the trusts?

Fieldman: We do not have to preach that; the trusts look after that—God bless them.

Barnhill: What machine do the Rothschild's own?

Fieldman: Money is a machine.

Barnhill: Name one millionaire who has made his money by competition?

Fieldman: All of them have.

Barnhill: If this be true, why do they seek to suppress the very thing which has made them rich?

Barnhill: Name one great nation that has been built up on a non-competitive plan?

Fieldman: Never was one; we look to the future.

Barnhill: Would you extend the sphere of social responsibility till it embraced the care, rearing and education of your children?

Fieldman: The mother is not the best guardian of her child's welfare.

Barnhill: She is a better guardian, as a rule, than any government committee.

Barnhill: Name one instance where competition died a natural death.

Fieldman: Every trust is a living proof of this.

Barnhill: But a death criminally consummated is not a natural death.

I humbly entreat my opponent in this debate to TRY to answer these questions, for the field is white for more martyrs to the cause of truth

Defense of Socialism No. 2

By Henry M. Tichenor

"Socialism," says my opponent, in his opening paragraph in this issue of the Rip-Saw, "seeks to destroy three things—private enterprise, or competition, private profits, and private property—and when you destroy these three you destroy civilization."

All right, Mr. Barnhill, let her flicker—instead of civilization we will have Socialism for the workers. If our present society is "civilization," then civilization needs destroying. It's rottener than Lazarus. Herein is again disclosed the fact that the only society that Barnhill thinks about is the society of the master-class—the gamblers who sit around the bunco game and play cards for the stacks of wealth produced by the workers. This skin game is called "private enterprise" and "competition." These are merely polite terms for burglary. The vast majority of the people—the workers—do not enjoy the fun of "private enterprise," and the only "competition" they know is the competition for jobs. Although in the vast majority, and although they build all the houses and buildings, produce all the food and fuel, create all the clothing, manufacture all the pianos and automobiles, and so on through the whole category of everything we call wealth, these, the workers, are not taken into consideration at all by my democratic opponent as he draws the awful picture of the downfall of "private enterprise" and "private profits." The workers don't count in the game—they are merely "hands"—farm-hands, mill-hands, etc. The workers that are burdened with wages of about \$1.50 a day are not worth considering by such geniuses as Barnhill. They do not belong to the "private

profits" brigade. And as to the "private property" of the workers—well, no revolution in society can damage that—capitalism has long ago destroyed private property for the workers. About two-thirds of the entire citizenship of the United States have been completely stripped of private property—they are renters. Barnhill and his crowd always overlook these. In the eyes of the capitalist class and its kept apologists, these, the workers, do not figure at all in the scheme of "civilization." The workers are only intended to feed and clothe their "civilized" masters, and go out and get killed for them in time of war. Do you know what frightens Barnhill and all his "private profits" class? It is this—**SOCIALISM WILL GIVE THE WORKERS PRIVATE PROPERTY, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THEIR AGONIZING AGE-LONG HISTORY.**

The charge that Victor Berger did not dwell on this in his congressional speeches is ridiculous—maybe he did, and maybe he didn't; but to state, as Barnhill does, that Comrade Berger, or any other Socialist, "avoids" this, is a bald falsehood. Socialism destroy civilization! What Socialism destroys is **EXPLOITATION**, and, as the civilization of to-day is built on exploitation, there is no doubt but that it is a goner when Socialism prevails. A social system of Exploitation—of robbery of the workers—of white-slavery and child-slavery—of sweatshops, tenements and disease-breeding slums—of bloody wars and butchery—of poverty, misery and sorrow enough to break a savage heart—this is to be destroyed by the oncoming society of the Brotherhood of Workers!—Sure thing, Barnhill—away with it forever!

God Built the World on a Competitive Plan

Having about exhausted his stock of ignorance as to what Socialism is, Barnhill now runs away like a scared wolf from economic discussion and turns to God to back up his debate.

The capitalist system of society is not the only crime

the master-class has charged to God. From the divine right of kings to chattel slavery, from pestilence to panics, from poverty to war, the "will of God" has always been called into play. No wonder Barnhill declares that "God built the world on a competitive plan"—only a little over a generation ago his political party declared that God built the world on a chattel-slave plan, and it doesn't take much of an effort on the part of nature to evolve a chattel-slavery democrat into a competitive-system democrat. To a Socialist, these have a strong family resemblance. But the researches of scholars tell a story that does not jibe with Barnhill's bourbon belief. If my opponent would read "Ancient Society," by Lewis H. Morgan—a work accepted by every scholar and scientist living—he would find that the first human society was communistic, and not competitive. This is the way the younger world was built. But Barnhill probably does not read science and history—he is a democrat. But even if he does not believe in the researches of scholars, he believes in the Bible, as evidenced by his appeal to the Bible God to sustain his point. Here again Barnhill looms up to the bad, when he charges that God built the world on a competitive plan. Like thousands of others who believe it from "kiver to kiver," Barnhill apparently doesn't know what his Bible really does say. According to the very first chapter in the Bible, God did not build the world on a competitive plan at all. Edward Bellamy himself, utopian dreamer that he was, never pictured so elegant a layout as the Garden of Eden, wherein, we are told, God started the first human society. Suppose the book of Genesis had painted the Garden of Eden as a competitive industrial center, such as Barnhill adores. Suppose the "inspired" writer of the creation had told us that God had built the place ready to receive the first human beings as the capitalist class would wish it. Just imagine it, if you can—Eden, the sweet, sweet fields of Eden, with filthy slums and sweatshops, with tumble-down tene-

ments, and with mills and factories ready to devour the first babies born to man. If that were the way God started the first community—and Barnhill swears it is—then it was a lucky day for Adam when he made his escape.

“The world built on a competitive plan!” Our very bodies give the lie to this. Every human body is an organism consisting of millions of life-cells, and we exist because these life-cells co-operate one with another, and do not fight each other in a fierce war of competition. The suns and planets swinging in space follow the same perfect law of co-operation—were the Universe created on the competitive plan there would be a smashing of solar systems infinitely worse than the panics caused by our competitive society. But the Bible—Mr. Barnhill’s Bible—says it was not God who started all this competitive damnation—the Bible says it was the devil that did it. So you see Barnhill did not get his “knowledge” from either the scholars or the scriptures; he is simply doped with the delusions that he found in some democratic platform that was written before the war.

Barnhill’s conception of God, like that generally of his class, including, sad to relate, many a priest, preacher and rabbi, reminds me of what Robert Louis Stevenson said when he heard that Matthew Arnold, the orthodox English theologian, was dead. “It is too bad,” said Stevenson, “that Arnold had to die. Arnold won’t like God.”

Barnhill, after insulting his God with the charge that He had built the world on the plan of one class riding on the backs of another class, lets loose this remarkable assertion: “Lastly, Socialism attacks private property. Here it arrays itself against all the strongest and tenderest affections of the human heart. The prophet and patriot alike unite in saying that the noblest dream of man is of a time when each may sit under his own vine and fig tree and none durst make him afraid!”

This is rich. Of course, Socialism does attack one kind of "private property," and only one kind; Socialism attacks the private property—in the hands of a select few—of the means of life, that ALL must have access to in order to live. Socialism attacks the "private property" of land, factories, mills, mines, railroads, telegraph and telephone systems, and all the great tools of production and distribution, now in possession of the exploiting class, and declares that these means of life should be owned and democratically operated by the class—the working-class—that uses them; and Socialism attacks the "private property" in these means of life, in order that every worker may individually have private property in a "vine and fig tree," in a home of his own, where no landlord can "make him afraid."

Barnhill's ignorance of Socialism is surely a pitiful sight. What does he mean, anyway? Does he imagine that capitalism, the exploitation of workers, can ever bring about the private "vine and fig tree" arrangement for the workers? From his own party-ruled government at Washington has just gone forth an official statement that ought to make Barnhill hunt a dunce's corner for his remarks. He can obtain this himself from the United States Treasury Department. It is compiled from the statistics gathered from all the states in the Union, relative to the income tax. The report sent out by the government is enough to condemn the present social system for all time to come. Its figures are astounding. It states, officially, that out of thirty-nine million (39,000,000) persons engaged in productive pursuits in the United States, that thirty-eight million (38,000,000) have an income of less than six hundred dollars (\$600) a year. What hope for "private property" does Mr. Barnhill think these 38,000,000 workers have on less than \$600 a year? When does he think the competitive system will give them vines and fig trees to sit under? If this is the best that nineteen centuries of a "Christian," master-and-servant so-

ciety can do for 38,000,000 out of 39,000,000 workers in the greatest and most prosperous country on earth, how many more centuries of the competitive system will it take to start the vine and fig tree paradise for the workers? Will it happen when Wilson busts the trusts, or not until Bryan drinks all the grape juice on earth? Are you good at figures, Mr. Barnhill, or don't you know anything beyond pipedreams?

Barnhill's allusions to Ruskin Colony and Robert Owen's co-operative plant shows how little he knows about scientific Socialism, based upon the class struggle—the struggle of the working-class to wrest from their masters the giant modern tools of industry. The capitalist system reaches into every corner of the globe with its plundering fingers, and will skin any little co-operative colony as readily as it does the city of St. Louis. At the same time, and with splendid results, the educated Socialist working-classes in European countries are to-day successfully carrying on great co-operative industries, which, while not by any means bursting the workers' chains, are alleviating their economic condition.

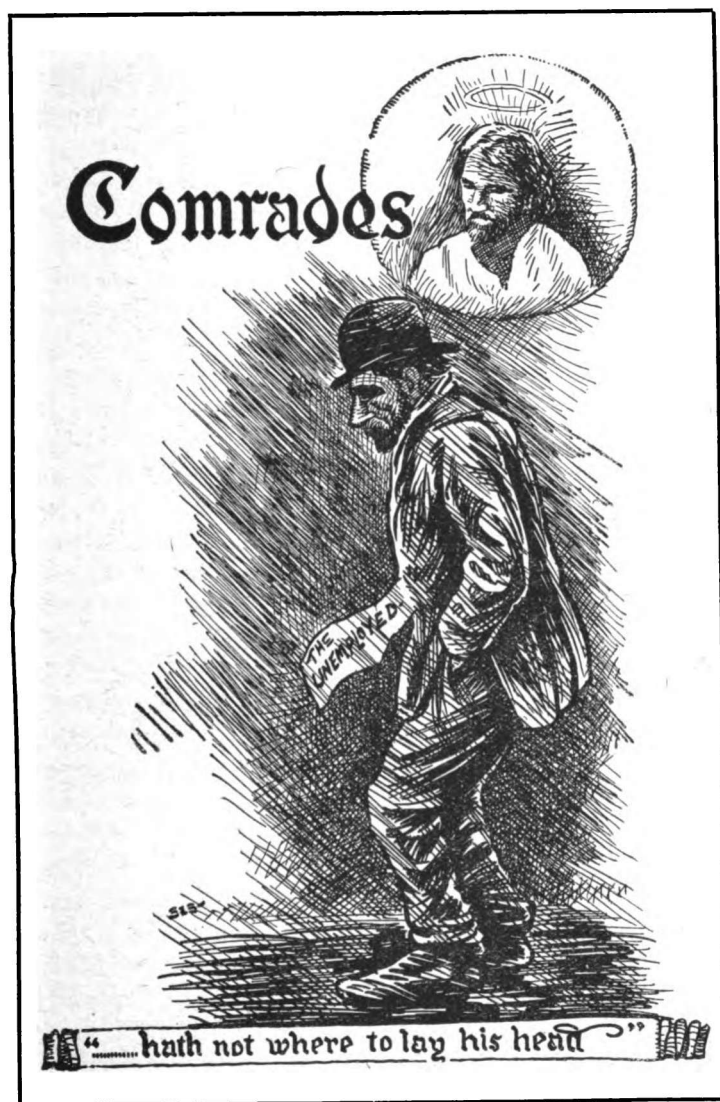
"A Sweatbox for Socialists"

Barnhill's "Sweatbox for Socialists" is simply silly—painfully silly. What difference does it make to the workers in Mr. Hoffman's flour mill, so far as their economic condition is concerned, whether the flour is adulterated or not? The fact remains that the workers are exploited of the wealth they produce, whether the flour is pure or poison. Nobody denies but that food is adulterated under the present system of profit and plunder, and nobody but a hopeless boob would publicly charge that Socialism would do the same thing. The workers, producing the food, not for the profit of a master-class, but for their own wives and children to eat, would be fools to poison the stuff in order to make it cheaper. It's bad enough for Barnhill to make a circus of himself with such nonsense as this; but it's far worse when he deliber-

ately says that "Socialists agree that Mr. Hoffman was caught in a barbed wire fence with all possibility of escape cut off." This statement was conceived and spawned in Barnhill's own deceptive brain—the thing never happened. His picture of Hoffman's discomfiture, like that of Fieldman's in his New York debate, is purely drawn from Barnhill's bumptious brain. Like the Napoleon Bonapartes, the Julius Caesars, the Queen Victorias, and others such as these, that wander in our lunatic asylums, Barnhill doesn't realize himself what a ridiculous sight he oftentimes makes of himself. The truth is that his New York audience, whom he thought were yelling for his blood, were laughing fit to kill themselves at the monkey show Barnhill was making of himself when he declared that "God built the world on the competitive system."

Barnhill's worry about how "a privately owned newspaper could exist" under Socialism need worry him no longer. He could run his little "Anti-Socialist" paper right along if he wanted to—provided he received enough support to feed himself. No Socialist would stop him. Neither will Socialism prevent anybody who wishes from running a grocery store or a peanut stand. The chances are, however, that nobody—not even Barnhill—would want to do this when they found they could make more money and work less hours working in the publicly owned industries. In Germany the Socialists successfully own and issue great daily newspapers, and these papers have at least one tremendous advantage over the great capitalist dailies of America—they tell the truth.

I know there are many well-meaning, but rather poorly versed Socialists who picture Socialist society down to its minutest detail—even as to who should milk the cows. This is foolish, and is apt to mislead the innocent—such as Barnhill. Socialist society in all its details will be a development, not a vision of some present-day enthusiast. No one can foretell it in all its particulars.



Enough to know that no master-class will own the means of life; enough to know that no girl need sell her body for bread, and that no child shall sob its life away in a mill or factory; enough to know that the working-class will own all—will own the EARTH AND THE FULNESS THEREOF, to use, to develop, for themselves. And the mistakes they make in evolving the New Society, be they few or many, these the Workers will correct themselves, and kneel to no masters for advice or help.

Breaking Up the Homes

As to the trusts, which Barnhill thrashes over again, I fully covered this ground in the January Rip-Saw. Socialism—the ownership by the workers of the present trust-owned industries—settles the whole trust question. Barnhill hints that Socialism would take the child away from its mother. He distorts his debate with Comrade Fieldman along this line, to make it appear that Socialism advocates such a cruel separation. To-day, for the good of the future generation, we compel the child to go to school, whether the parents consent or not. Under Socialism, for the good of the child, as well as for the good of the future, a better education—including music, travel, etc.,—would doubtless become compulsory. Intelligent parents, who loved their children and wished to give them every possible advantage, would glory in this; and in less than a generation even the old mossbacks would hurrah for it and claim it was just what they had always advocated. But the dirty insinuation that capitalist kept politicians, preachers and editors hand out, that Socialism would separate the child from its mother, should make the ones that say it blush if they had any shame.

Socialism separate the child from its mother? Socialism destroy the home? What manner of brazen creatures is it that utter this in a land where CAPITALISM, brutal as all the devils in hell, is daily dragging little children away from mothers, away from sunlight and laughter and play, away from rosy cheeks and health,

away from all hope and love and infinite longing, and damning them to the darkness and despair and disease of the grinding mills of Mammon! Socialism that will give the child to playtime and mother's tender kisses, Socialism that will open institutions of learning and art and culture to the children of the workers, Socialism, that will touch Apollo's golden strings and pour sweet music into their souls, to be misrepresented and traduced and blackened by the hirelings of the child-stealing pirates that have so universally broken up the homes of the workers, have separated mother and father and child in such wholesale numbers that it will strain Socialism itself to undo the brutalizing work already done, and bring back to our degraded race the form and features of humanity—this is the supreme mockery of our time.

Indictment of Socialism No. 3

By John Basil Barnhill

When my Sweatbox has failed to effect a cure—and I have rarely known it to fail—I have recourse then to a series of knockout drops, a few of which are here appended:

1. Where the people fear the government you have tyranny. Where the government fears the people you have liberty.

2. The surest way to make a scoundrel out of a saint is to give him the power of spending other people's money—and Socialism would multiply infinitely such opportunities.

3. A great teacher truly said, "Progress in the political, religious and intellectual evolution of humanity is effected by the substitution of personal decisions for authoritative measures." In other words, individual initiative and private enterprise are the indispensable bases of an advancing civilization.

4. The voice of the public may be the voice of God when it is strictly attending to public business, but when the public intermeddles in personal affairs it becomes an agent of the devil himself.

5. Socialists tell us that private monopoly spells stagnation and death, but my dear Socialist, you do not change your indictment by changing your adjective. All experience declares that you can prove an even stronger case against public monopoly. In other words, monopoly is the grave of nations. Monopoly means death, as competitions means the life of civilization.

A Dictionary of Socialist Delusions

I started out some time ago to compile a Dictionary of Socialist Delusions, but I was soon compelled to exclaim: "Good God, it would take a thousand men living a thousand years to complete any such Dictionary." Permit me to allude to a few such delusions.

Delusion No. 1—How the State Can Guarantee Work

In his Political Economy (People's Ed., p. 220), J. S. Mill truly said: "It would be possible for the state to guarantee employment at ample wages to all who are born. But if it does this, it is bound in self protection and for the sake of every purpose for which government exists, to provide that no person shall be born without its consent." I hope deluded Socialists will chew on this statement till they digest it.

Delusion No. 2—But Every Man Has a Right to a Job

Walter Thomas Mills, with whom I had many Chautauqua debates, was wont to relate that Gov. Altgeld once urged as an objection to the government ownership of railroads that under it every Tom, Dick and Harry would want a job. Mr. Mills replied: "Well, Governor, do you know of any good reason why Tom, Dick and Harry should not have a job?" Mr. Mills was anxious to produce the impression that Gov. Altgeld accepted this question as an unanswerable argument for government ownership. It is difficult to imagine so clear a thinker being misled by Mr. Mills' characteristically plausible point which, as usual, misses the real point. Every citizen in Peru had a job; every man pounding sand in a rat hole has a job; but the question is, what kind of a job has he got, and is such a job consistent with the highest social well-being?

Delusion No. 3—Under a Democracy the People Have a Right to Ask For Anything They Want

It is said that God himself cannot make 2 and 2 equal 5. In all humility we ask, Can the people do what God can not do? It is conceivable that under certain circumstances the people might vote themselves \$10,000 a year

for doing nothing. But would not the divinity that is supposed to shape Socialistic legislation find itself impotent to carry such a measure into permanent effect? There are certain laws of social health which even the people and their representatives must observe or pay the penalty.

Delusion No. 4—Democracy Can Be Applied All Around

In one of his masterpieces of false reasoning, Walter Thomas Mills once said: "Socialism is democracy applied all around." But democracy cannot be applied all around, and the attempt to do so would always result in failure. You cannot steer a vessel across the Atlantic by a majority vote. You have got to have a head, the ship must have a boss, and if passengers, if even one passenger, after the manner of Mr. Ismay, should interfere with the boss, two thousand victims go down to a watery grave. Your paper, Mr. Wagner, must also have a head, a boss. I notice that all the successful Socialist papers are run by private enterprise, and that those that are run in any other way hardly ever live to tell the tale. Emerson said that that supreme quality of mind which knows exactly what to do in a great crisis, or in a great calamity, is possessed by only one person in thousands, and the editor of every paper, the manager of every business, confronts such crises daily. Do you take a popular vote, Mr. Wagner, of all the compositors, and all the office boys, and all the press feeders on your paper to determine the thousand and one details that come up before you every day? I know you do not. At the head of every successful enterprise there is some supreme authority. Wagner at the head of the Rip-Saw, Warren at the head of the Appeal. In response to my question whether he would edit a paper run by the state, Walter Thomas Mills said he wouldn't have anything to do with such a paper, and that he was the "whole show" when he ran a paper. But in his next speech Walter sailed away from solid earth in one of his flights of eloquence, closing with the following words:

"Democracy rules from the bottom up. That is the creed of Socialism. Despotism rules from the top down. The Czar runs his kingdom in that way, and Harriman runs his railroad in that way," and when I interjected, "and Mills runs his newspaper in the same way," the great orator perished amidst the wreck of his shallow sophistry, and the inextinguishable laughter of his own comrades.

One might quote scores of proverbs which indicate that democracy in business cannot succeed. Here are a few:

What is everybody's business is nobody's business; therefore, public business is notoriously neglected.

What is everybody's profit is nobody's profit; therefore, we need not look to the question of profit.

What is everybody's loss is nobody's loss; therefore, if we lose a few millions no matter; no one has lost anything.

We used to hear it said that a dollar saved is a dollar earned, but many of our modern politicians adopt the motto that a dollar which they can't steal is a dollar lost. Their chance to steal is less, when the functions of government are strictly limited, that chance is greater when you broaden the functions of government as Socialism seeks to do.

Delusion No. 5—The Love of Profit is the Root of All Evil

I have always taken issue with Socialists who denounce the love of profit. Profit, fair profit, and the love of it are at the foundation of civilization. Many of the greatest and noblest things have been accomplished under its impelling force. The fathers logically linked their "lives and their sacred honor" with fortunes. Go to any great writer, any great opera singer, any great artist, and if you can get one out of twenty who even CLAIMS that the desire for gain has nothing to do with his artistic work I will join the Socialist party. If this is true of artists, how much more true it must be of farmers,

merchants, of all engaged in ordinary trade and commerce.

Delusion No. 6—"Socialism Can Do It For Nothing"

This delusion was expressed with beautiful conciseness by Wm. Knox, with whom I debated in Belfast, Ireland. I had quoted authorities to the effect that private enterprise could carry letters in England for one-sixth of the government rate, that is 2c. Knox replied: "Socialism would carry them cheaper than that." I then quoted other writers who claimed that private companies could carry letters for one-thirty-sixth of the government rate. Knox cried out, "Socialism would carry them for nothing." This comic delusion pervades nearly all the literature of the Socialists.

Delusion No. 7—Socialists Fall Down on the Trust Problem

In consequence of their fundamental error regarding competition, Socialists utterly fail to understand the Trust problem. I desire to consider this, the greatest of living issues, at some length.

The Trust Can and Will Be Destroyed

I will be perfectly frank with my opponent and help him in his difficult task in every possible way. I make this admission, to-wit, that if competition cannot be restored we must go on to Socialism. In all my debates I have made this admission, but I have proven in nearly five hundred debates that competition can and must be restored. I have whipped the best debaters that the Socialist party possesses in debates on this proposition; have whipped them to a standstill. I whipped the Little Giant, Walter Thomas Mills, so cruelly that he fled in terror to the uttermost parts of the earth. He went first to England, but England wasn't far enough away from Barnhill's Sweat Box, and he then fled to New Zealand.

Socialists say the trust has come, and has come to stay, and their star witness, to prove this, is none other than the Oil King himself. Socialists tell us that these

great combinations cannot be dissolved or destroyed; that we used to have no trusts at all, and then we had the good trusts and bad trusts, and at last we have the inevitable trust—the necessary trust—that we must treat them as established institutions, and make laws to suit them; that the holding company is a natural and inevitable evolution in big business; and that Congress dare not now prohibit the further operation of this naked instrument of lawless extortion. The history of the Carnegie company shows how false and flimsy is such a claim. Andrew Carnegie maintained before a Congressional committee that a simple firm was more efficient than a corporation. At the head of a mere partnership, and later of a corporation, he forced every one of those steel manufacturers and the banking syndicates behind them to their knees, and they came suppliant and helpless—these huge, inert and inflated instruments of extortion—and entreated Andrew Carnegie to say how many millions he would demand to license them to again prey undisturbed upon the American people.

Criminal Complicity and Criminal Simplicity

Socialists tell us that the trusts are a perfectly innocent, natural and inevitable evolution. I defied Walter Thomas Mills to go to Western Pennsylvania and preach that doctrine. He replied: "I have been there and I preached that doctrine—I found that John D. Rockefeller simply used more dynamite than his competitors." It is true competition has been dynamited to death, and I suppose Socialists consider dynamite, when it establishes a trust, innocent and inevitable. Competition has been bribed to death, but if any Socialist will show me where competition has died a natural death I will take out a red card myself and raise more brimstone than the Melting Pot can ever consume. In the town of Beaver, where formerly dwelt Matthew Stanley Quay, John W. Slayton once declared that all competition led to monopoly. I was compelled to demur to this statement, and I produced

facts to sustain my position that monopoly, such as we have in America, rested on two pillars, Criminal Complicity and Criminal Simplicity—the criminal complicity between big business and misrepresentatives of the people in Congress and elsewhere, and the criminal simplicity of the people who send them there. No objection was heard **when I declared** that as long as the people of Pennsylvania would send Matt Quay to the Senate instead of to the penitentiary where he belonged, that he and his fellow traitors would see that the competition led to monopoly, and it was not necessary to insult God by trying to swear the authorship of that child of hell upon him.

Every Trust Is a Failure

I boldly affirm that every trust is a failure, that the bigger the trust the bigger the failure; that the Steel Trust is the greatest failure of them all. The failure of the Steel Trust is written in bloody headlines of every daily paper, in the lives sacrificed to its rotten rails made under non-competitive conditions, for as Lord Coke said in his immortal decision three hundred years ago, that monopoly is the cause of adulteration, and you can't have a pure article unless you have competition. The failure of the Steel Trust is proclaimed by its contemptible cry that it must have its profits guaranteed or it can't carry on its business. Was there ever heard a more abominably contemptible admission than is this? The government won't guarantee your profits, Mr. Wagner; the government won't guarantee my profits; it won't guarantee the farmer's profits, or the blacksmith's profits. Yet this infamous Steel Trust, with its hundreds of millions of watered stock comes whining like a baby and admits it is a damnable failure unless Uncle Sam will guarantee its profits.

Defense of Socialism No. 3

By Henry M. Tichenor

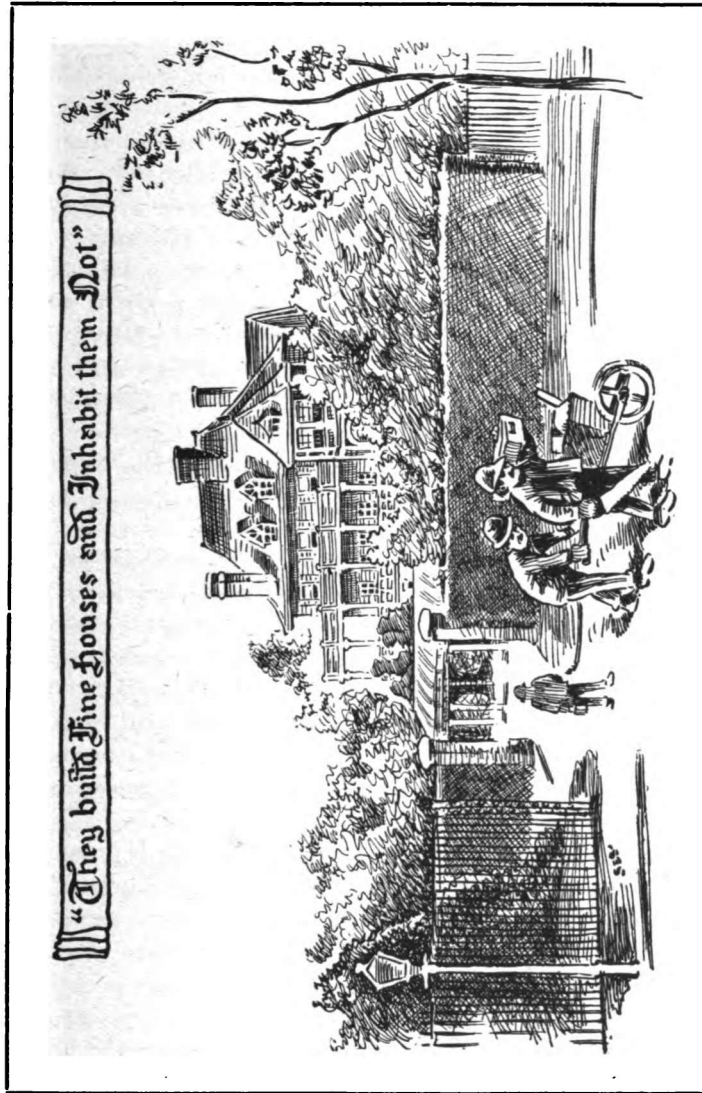
Before answering Barnhill's "knockout drops" that he hands out in this issue of the Rip-Saw, I wish to emphatically state for the benefit of those readers of the two preceeding installments of this debate who claim that Barnhill is not in earnest—that he is simply joking with the Capitalist system—that such is not the case. The poor fellow is in dead earnest. In fact, there are thousands **among those who claim to be educated—politicians, editors, lawyers and clergymen—whose knowledge of Socialism is just as dense as Barnhill's.** Sermons and editorials and public addresses are sent out in huge quantities for the purpose of condemning Socialism, all of which are loaded to the muzzle with fearful pictures of what Socialism IS NOT. These professional denouncers of Socialism, like my opponent, Mr. Barnhill, absolutely portray all the horrors of Capitalist society and stamp these horrors as Socialism! Many of them, in between the lines of their attacks on Socialism, show evidence of an inborn longing hidden in their souls for the very society that Socialism promises. Even Barnhill cries out for a time on earth when each "shall sit beneath his own vine and figtree, and none shall him afraid."

The impossibility, as evidenced by not only all past history, but by present conditions themselves, of such a blessed state under the Capitalist system, wherein necessarily one class does all the useful work and another class that does no useful work swipes the proceeds, ought to make every man and woman of ordinary intelligence and and who really want a just social system to lose all hope of Capitalism ever producing anything on earth but hell.

Like the ancient men of Athens these good but befuddled people turn at times with disgust from the gods of our outrageous and degenerating social life and blindly worship in their hearts an "Unknown God"—and, like Paul on Mars Hill, the Socialists cry to these, "Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, THIS declare we unto you."

Take for instance Barnhill's first "knockout drop"—**"WHERE THE PEOPLE FEAR THE GOVERNMENT YOU HAVE TYRANNY."** How true this is. Nor need you go to the Capitalist-ruled government of Russia for an example. Our own United States will do. Within the past few months—yes, weeks—our own beautiful Capitalist-ruled government has been guilty of as brutal acts of tyranny against the working class as ever was perpetrated by the bloody Czar of Russia. This is done to make the workers **FEAR THE TYRANNY OF THEIR CAPITALIST MASTERS, WHO ARE THE REAL GOVERNMENT OF THESE UNITED STATES.** Without going back to the murders and outrages committed by Capitalist tyrants in Lawrence and West Virginia and Paterson, we need but turn our eyes to Calumet and Colorado. It requires a bigger liar than the alleged devil himself to claim that the working class of America have liberty. Under Capitalism the workers have **MASTERS**—not **LIBERTY**—masters who own the jobs—masters who take from the workers the big bulk of all the wealth the workers produce—masters who **OWN** the government and **OWN** the courts and **OWN** the militia—masters whose government shoots down in cold blood men, women and children, do they dare strike for better wages and more humane conditions of life. All this, and infinitely more of bloodshed and horrors, is **CAPITALISM**—and without which Capitalism could not endure for a day.

"The surest way to make a scoundrel out of a saint is to give him the power of spending other people's money," says Barnhill. If Barnhill had been divinely inspired he couldn't have said it better. And then—it's



pitiful to expose him—Barnhill's poor, balled-up brain actually declares that "Socialism would multiply infinitely such opportunities!" Have I really got to answer this? What money are the millionaire scoundrels who are shooting and jailing and outraging the miners in Calumet and Colorado spending, if it isn't the money that has been dug out of the earth by the labor of these miners, and to whom it therefore rightfully belongs? Maybe these millionaire mine owners would have been saints instead of scoundrels if they had never had any money to spend, save what they produced by their own labor. The very essence of Socialism is that it proposes to return to the useful worker EVERY DOLLAR THAT HIS LABOR PRODUCES, AND NOT A SOLITARY PENNY PRODUCED BY ANYBODY ELSE'S LABOR. For heaven's sake, Barnhill, try and squeeze that into your head, even if you have to dump out some of Doc Wilson's scholarly sermons on the blessings of Chinese cheap labor.

Barnhill is worried once more because Socialism proposes to give everybody "a job." Under Socialism there will be but one class, the working class, and this class will OWN the jobs. And why should not every person who is physically and mentally able do useful work? Why shouldn't society be entirely composed of useful workers? There is infinite work to be done. After the necessary wants are filled, why not use the surplus labor to make the country more beautiful? Is there any limit to the parks and paved roads, the trees to adorn these, the theatres and museums, the encouragement of works of art, and countless more to make the land a picture enchanting to the eye? Who can foretell the magnificence of future life when the Earth itself is in the hands of its rightful owners! Not all at once, but step by step, as the race realizes its own powers and opportunities, can the hell of Capitalism be transformed into the heaven of Socialism. Perhaps the greatest thing that can be promised for

Socialism is that it will swing wide the gates of endless Progress.

As to the limiting of the birthrate, that my opponent so fears under Socialism, I might call his attention to the awful spectre that prominent capitalists have pointed at in regard to race suicide under the present system. It will be many a generation, under a just economic system, before the earth will be overcrowded. Personally I doubt very much that excessive breeding will be looked upon as the sole mission of women under Socialism. Better, under Socialism, a family of two or three children well cared for, than a litter of fifteen or sixteen and a mother aged and worn out long before her time. It has always been the war-demons, who wanted soldiers, that have been the nation's ardent advocates of big families. Also, this was a cardinal virtue taught the slaves in the old chattel-slavery days.

Future society can be well left to solve all such questions as this. The question now, and the only question, is this—Shall the jobs—the means of life—belong to an idle and useless bunch of billionaire boodlers, or shall they belong to the workers? Let's settle this, and settle the marrying and propagating and other like questions afterwards.

Barnhill shoots off again about "Monopoly meaning death," and being the "grave of nations." I thought I had attended to this in the preceding installments of this debate. Let's see if I can make it clearer. Let us state it this way—Private monopoly, which is private ownership of the means of life, means DEATH. Socialism, the Great Physician, has diagnosed the case and offers the cure—LET THE MEANS OF LIFE, TO WHICH WE MUST ALL HAVE ACCESS TO IN ORDER TO LIVE, BE OWNED AND OPERATED PUBLICLY. We do not want Competition—the gambler's game of profit and plunder, and which leads to private monopoly by the big winners as sure as filth leads to disease—we want CO-

OPERATION, that makes private monopoly impossible. WE PROPOSE TO DUMP MONOPOLY AND ITS PROGENITOR, COMPETITION, INTO THE SAME GRAVE WHERE LIE THE BURIED NATIONS THAT DIED OF THE DAMNABLE CURSE.

Barnhill thrashes over a lot of puerile propositions that are not worthy of notice. He talks again about privately owned papers, and instances Comrade Wagner of the Rip-Saw. As we are living under capitalism nobody can be justly criticized for conforming to the rules of the game. We must all eat, or steal, or starve. But in Germany, where the Socialist movement is much further advanced than in any other country, the Socialist party for years has owned and successfully published great daily papers. "Vorwaerts," the Socialist daily of Berlin, is one of the acknowledged great papers of the empire. "Wahre Jacob," the comic Socialist monthly, owned by the Socialist party of Germany, is so successfully and co-operatively conducted that last year it turned over \$125,000 from its earnings to the German Socialist party to be used in propaganda work. It may be here noted that the party-owned press of Germany have never cut the subscription prices to the ridiculously low amount of American privately owned Socialist papers.

"Profit, fair profit, and the love of it are the foundation of civilization," says Barnhill. He might also have added that "profit, and the love of it," are the foundation of war, poverty, class-hatred, misery, crime, vice and disease. "Profit," Mr. Barnhill, simply means, to put it raw, the amount of wealth that one person or persons can skin another person or persons out of. The big profit-makers have never been known to do a lick of useful work in all the history of so-called civilization. The cusses may look beautiful to some folks, but to the workers, out of whose labor all **profits** are exploited, they loom up larger and larger every day as unnecessary nuisances. Socialism offers something far better and much more

worthy of human love than profits—it promises to give every human being full opportunity to not only labor and produce, but to also put in his or her own pocket ALL the wealth their labor produces. Thus will a society be built that will need no wars, no degradation, no filthy and unsanitary tenements, no idle paupers and no idle millionaires to keep it going.

Mr. Barnhill takes up the trust again. Once more he longs to bust them and go back to the oxcart and hand-tools. Those were the good old days of chattel slavery—the days when his Democratic party had full sway. He says that competition did not create the trusts—that it was “criminal complicity” and “criminal simplicity” that did it. I think I have sufficiently covered this ground. Enough to say once more that so far as the working class is concerned, the history of the “good old” days of competition, before the modern machines, far too costly to be owned individually, compelled the combinations of capitalists, called trusts, to form, in order to privately own and operate them—the history of those “good old” competitive days smells too rank to charm any intelligent worker of today. Those days were full of more wars and panics than afflict us even now. To the poverty of the workers was added an appalling ignorance—they were too poor to go to school, too poor to buy a book, even though they could read. White men and women, and little children were sold for debt into chattel slavery, right here in “civilized” America, and this was done in the last century. We are not going that way, Mr. Barnhill. There is only one animal out of the old jungle headed in that direction, and that is the Democratic party, and it looks as though what is left of the Republican party had joined it. Soon even this bourbon relic of the dark and dismal past will give up the ghost, and only its fossil remains will be shown as a relic of the world’s competitive hell.

Indictment of Socialism No. 4

By John Basil Barnhill

Mr. Upton Sinclair some time since proposed a scheme for endowing genius, not having been endowed himself with common sense. Mr. Sinclair's particular form of simplicity attains a sublime stupidity against which it is said Omnipotence struggles in vain. Do you mean to tell me that a committee, even an all-wise Socialist committee, could go to a cradle or to a school room and say: "Here is a John Milton, here is a Shakespeare, and there is a Lincoln." What are the facts of the case? Genius develops itself only in the sharp clash of competition. Lincoln battles on the law circuit with scores of other brainy men for supremacy. Lincoln's partner, old Billy Herndon, told me he doubted that if anywhere on the face of the earth had ever been assembled more brainy men than they had in the vicinity of Springfield, Illinois, about 1850. Genius is no hot house plant but is like that oak of which it was eloquently said: "A breath can agitate me but not the storm itself can shake me." For genius is born amidst stormy and tempestuous scenes, among men who in intellectual warfare ask no quarter and give none.

I can illustrate my point effectually by showing what competition did for Shakespeare. He goes down to London from his home town and his first job is holding the horses for the noblemen who attend the play; it may be of interest to observe that in his time the play always began at three o'clock. He hires other boys to help him hold the horses and for many years they were known as "Shakespeare's boys." He steals a glimpse at the stage. He sees what others have done. An insatiable impulse seizes him and he cries out: "I can beat that, I can beat

Ben Johnson, I can beat Beaumont and Fletcher and Otway and Marlowe and Greene. I can beat them all," he says, and in that forcing-house of genius, as Brandes calls it, the most brilliant galaxy of writers that the modern world has ever seen, Shakespeare develops and fructifies in his incomparable plays—the most glorious achievement of the human mind. No competition there? Why, there was nothing but competition, and in this connection I would undertake to compile from his plays a series of passages which would themselves constitute not simply a defense of competition, but an unanswerable indictment of the delusions on which the Socialist creed rests. But Shakespeare versus Socialism is a subject with which I shall have to deal later.

Why Do Socialists Slander Themselves?

I have had to rebuke Socialists repeatedly for the slanders which they utter against themselves. They tell us they are "afraid of Competition." I declare that in the Socialist Party there are men whose ability and energy qualify them to compete with any man living and you know, Mr. Editor, that such men as Debs, Charlie Russell, and others too numerous to mention, could meet the proudest magnate the world ever saw and skin him, in a fair field and no favors; so let us forget this Socialist slander on themselves and explain it on the ground that false premises lead them to an absurd conclusion.

Why Socialism (and Socialists) Won't Work

In virtue of the principle that those who have an interest in a thing will do it better than those who have none, the government should undertake nothing that can be done by private enterprise. In other words, as a general principle, a man does his best work for himself and his worst work for the government. I want a hat or an axe or a poem or a paper or a speech. I do not need any government committee to tell me what kind of a paper or a hat I want. It is none of the government's infernal business what kind of a hat or a paper I buy. The duty

of the government is simply this, to guarantee that every man who produces speeches, papers, hats etc., has equal liberty with every other producer to make his articles and gets them into a free market where I can buy them or leave them alone. Under Socialism the opportunity to accept or reject is lost.

Over in California they had this matter tested. I quote from the Revolt of May 11, 1912. Job Harriman was bossing the State Convention. The Revolt says: "The real big fight was on the California Social Democrat. The question was whether the party membership should be subjected to a forced subscription for the paper. It seemed that the majority in this instance was against Harriman. He plead, and appealed and fought for four hours on this question of compulsory subscription. It seems as if he was doomed to have his pet scheme nipped when in sheer desperation he moved to adjourn the convention for one hour. The delegates, being tired and hungry, consented and when the convention reassembled, this barometer of the reactionary Socialist political scalawags had succeeded in doing the impossible. Casper Bower was the tool in this instance. Bower needs, or thinks he needs the support of Harriman in that terrible Free Speech fight at San Diego, and Harriman, knowing that, succeeded in his seduction. Bower and Irvine brought in a resolution to the effect that for one year more the party membership be forced to subscribe to the State paper. In the meantime a committee of five was to be elected to devise ways and means, IF POSSIBLE, to put the paper on a different financial basis next year."

I rise to remark that the other political parties are not troubled by any such squabbles, because they live and are managed under an individualistic principle. The party that tries to run everything will end by running nothing.

A City Directory and Barnhill's Logic Pills

My friend Bolton Hall once advised me never to debate with Socialists except on some concrete proposi-

tion. On any concrete proposition, he said, it was the easiest thing in the world to lam purgatory out of a Socialist, but if you allowed him to talk about abstract propositions he would sail away in a sea of nebulous utilities, gaseous exhortations and a hopeless dysentery of indignation, and you might as well hit at a cloud if you are lined up in a debate of that character. I have always found that you could induce violent paroxysms of rage and despair by inviting a Socialist to come down from his cloudy tabernacle and visit the earth. But in the interests of truth it must occasionally be done.

I ask you, Brother Wagner, Brother Tichenor, and Brother Ameringer Vespucius, to lay aside the intellectual sins which doth so easily beset you, and face life for a minute. Take down a copy of your telephone directory or your city directory. There are, I presume, some thousands of private enterprises in your city; you have newspapers run by private enterprise, you have the magnificent Rip-Saw advocating Socialism and run by private enterprise, by past masters in the journalistic art, you have every variety of business that is needed to supply the multifarious wants of mankind. Do you mean to tell me that all these private enterprises, not only those in St. Louis, but throughout the length and breadth of the country, could be run by government committees as well as they are now run by private enterprise? This plain, simple question brings the Socialist bubble down to earth and we see it in its true light—a hideous nightmare, the most comical of all hallucinations, an infant crying in the night and with no language but a cry. All you need to crucify Socialism is a copy of any city directory and a few of Barnhill's Little Logic Pills.

A Guiding Principle

I affirm that this should be our guiding principle in politics; to test every political proposal by asking will it widen the area of state compulsion over the individual, take more money from the pockets of citizens to be put

into the coffers of the bureaucracy, or increase the number of the power of the army of state officials? If it will do any of these things it should be resisted. That is the rule. This guiding principle is established by every page of human history. John Stuart Mill is sometimes quoted as an advocate of Socialism, but John Stuart Mill can never revoke that inspired saying of which he is the author "WHERE EVERYTHING IS DONE THROUGH THE BUREAUCRACY, NOTHING TO WHICH THE BUREAUCRACY IS REALLY ADVERSE CAN BE DONE AT ALL." In other words, such a bureaucratic organization, that is, Socialism, means slavery of the worst character. Mill made this point so clear in his famous essay "On Liberty" that it is hard to see how any reasonable mind can resist the force of his argument, but it is an old saying that "What enters the mind without reason cannot by reason be expelled," a saying which explains all the hallucinations, all the inveterate infatuations, all the misbegotten and misguided social and political doctrines that have ever afflicted mankind. These words of Mill ought to be inscribed on the editorial page of the Yelping Rip-Snorter, The Appeal To Prejudice and every other Socialist paper which heaven permits for some inscrutable purpose to mislead public opinion. Mill wrote as follows:

"IF ALL THE EMPLOYEES OF ALL THESE DIFFERENT ENTERPRISES (ROADS, RAILWAYS, BANKS, GREAT JOINT STOCK COMPANIES, PUBLIC CHARITIES, MUNICIPAL CORPORATIONS, AND LOCAL BOARDS) WERE APPOINTED AND PAID BY THE GOVERNMENT AND LOOKED TO THE GOVERNMENT FOR EVERY RISE IN LIFE, NOT ALL THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS AND POPULAR CONSTITUTION OF THE LEGISLATURE WOULD MAKE THIS OR ANY OTHER COUNTRY FREE OTHERWISE THAN IN NAME."

Attack this unanswerable proposition, Brother

Tichenor and may God have mercy on your soul. Mill stated in his own words what Barnhill has declared in a sentence that will never die: "SOCIALISTS TELL US PRIVATE MONOPOLY SPELLS STAGNATION AND DEATH. BUT YOU DO NOT CHANGE YOUR INDICTMENT BY CHANGING YOUR ADJECTIVE." As Mill points out you can prove an even stronger case against private monopoly. We find then that MONOPOLY IS THE MURDERER AND COMPETITION IS THE SAVIOR OF THE RACE.



Drawn By G. H. Lockwood.

Defense of Socialism No. 4

By Henry M. Tichenor

Once a lover of nature wandered along a hillside road and chanced upon a wild-flower struggling out beneath a rock. The stem, upon whose end the flower was blooming, was yellow and sickly, for the rock overshadowed the sunlight and air. The flower, too, was dwarfed, and the beautiful colors, designed by the mysterious Artist of the Universe, were pallid. The lover of nature stooped and removed the rock; he gathered fresh soil and covered the protruding roots; he placed a dewy bunch of moss beneath the blossom; he did this, that the struggling flower might have the best environment wherein to express itself. This lover of nature, wiser than my opponent, saw no good to the flower in the competition of the rock. This is what Socialism would do to humanity—it would remove the rocks of capitalist-class oppression that are crushing to decay and death the noblest aspirations of the race.

One of the most classic poems in the English language, written as the poet meditated in a country graveyard, contains these verses:

Perhaps, in this neglected spot, is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill PENURY repressed their noble rage
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Only the Census Taker of the Silent Shades knows how many "hearts once pregnant with celestial fire" have gone down to the tomb chilled and broken by the Penury that "repressed their noble rage." The voices of song and story that have been choked, the artists' hands that have been withered, the warmth and genius of philosophers and sages that have been frozen because a useless and soulless master-class condemned them to poverty, are among the saddest of all things in this world of ours. Only now and then, struggling like the wild-flower, under the bruises of the death-dealing rock of competitive war, does a great soul live to express itself. When such an one does succeed, it is in spite of the rock, and not because of it. If Barnhill, instead of associating with bourbons but one generation removed from chattel slaveholders, had been fortunate enough to have become acquainted with any of the world's scholars or artists, he would be mortally ashamed of himself for having insulted any of the men and women of this class by asserting that they had attained their greatness or goodness, their wisdom or art, by the workings of a social system that robs and degrades honest toil. Barnhill, by his own capitalist logic, would swear that Jesus Christ became what he was through the beneficent operation of the competitive system.

Competition as it Really Is

Bear in mind—do not lose it for a moment—exactly what the competitive system is, when handed out raw: It is the buying as cheaply as you possibly can, and selling for all you can possibly get; and this applies to human labor as much as it does to food and clothing. Genius needs no such infamy as this in order to grow. Followers of science and the drama, of music and art, do not poison their minds with trampling down each other in mad warfare. There is a fraternity among these that greedy grafters know nothing about. The true student of science and the drama, of music and art, gladly turns to



Picture by Minor in Post-Dispatch.

**IT'S YOURS BY RIGHT, AND YOU ARE BIG
ENOUGH TO TAKE IT WHENEVER YOU WANT TO.**

those of his kind above him for instruction and help. Neither do those following honest and useful avocations in life go crazy about gouging each other in a competitive fight. It is generally natural, in rural districts, for farmers to help each other. Trades unions are formed among useful workers, not for the purpose of competing with and swindling each other, but for mutual and brotherly protection in wages and treatment. It is only the wolves of fang and claw that thrive by competition, and their loss to the world would be the workers' gain.

Barnhill himself well knows what competition is—he pictures it perfectly. He says:

“I declare that in the Socialist Party there are men whose ability and energy qualify them to compete with any man living, and you know, Mr. Editor, that such men as Debs, Charlie Russell, and others too numerous to mention, could meet the proudest magnate the world ever saw and SKIN HIM.”

This is COMPETITION sure enough—this art of “skinning” somebody, this game of getting something for nothing. But the point raised—impudent as it is—is not the question. Perhaps Debs, or Russell, or even Jesus Christ, were he living, could skin victims to the bone if they wished to prostitute themselves low enough to do so. However, it is hard to even imagine such as these in the class of Rockefeller or Captain Kidd. Their minds do not run to pocket-picking for a living. They turn to Socialism and Human Brotherhood. They wouldn't even practice child-slavery. If that were their character they would be in the Republican or Democratic party, and not going around with a red card in their pockets.

Barnhill's silly twaddle about Socialism requiring him to ask the government what kind of a hat he should wear is pitiable. I should judge from his remarks that a number 6 hat, boy's size, would become him. His allusion to the question raised in California as to whether

party members—Socialists—should be required to support the state paper is something else that has nothing to do with Socialist economics. In my own opinion every Socialist who is able, should support his state paper without any persuasion. But the Socialists are not forcing any such questions in any state in the Union. They doubtless never will. Barnhill asks me to take a St. Louis city directory and look over the thousands of private enterprises and then tell him if the Socialists propose to take over all these. Not by a jugfull, Mr. Barnhill. Great numbers of these competitive institutions would unquestionably be put out of business under Socialism for lack of support, and still Socialism would not prevent anybody from running any little one-horse store he wanted to. It isn't particularly the grocery stores and meat shops that are robbing the workers—it is the fellows that own the industries that create the foodstuffs that do the real skinning. Experience would soon demonstrate to what extent every existing industry should be owned and operated collectively. Great co-operative and economically run bakeries, canned goods factories, packing houses, etc., with publicly owned markets for distribution, would, I imagine, play havoc with many a small merchant, and would furnish him better employment at far better pay than the trusts now allow him in the way of "private profits."

What Socialism Promises

Socialism does not propose a bureaucracy—Socialism proposes a pure democracy in all things political and economic. Nor does Socialism promise any immediate perfection or paradise on earth. But it does promise these things:

That the great modern machines of production and distribution shall be taken from the hands of private grafters and turned over to the government of productive workers—whether national, state or municipal—and shall be made servants of the people instead of masters, blessings instead of curses.

That every child shall be assured a splendid education, taught a useful avocation, clothed, fed and cared for, in public institutions of learning.

That the opportunity to labor, with pay commensurate with the amount of wealth produced, shall be guaranteed to all.

That bloody wars of plunder and exploitation shall cease, and that Poverty, with its retinue of Crime and Vice, Disease and Ignorance, shall be the only enemies we fight.

That the old, the feeble and the sick shall be cared for.

That mothers, while rearing their children, shall be amply provided for.

That the aged shall be pensioned.

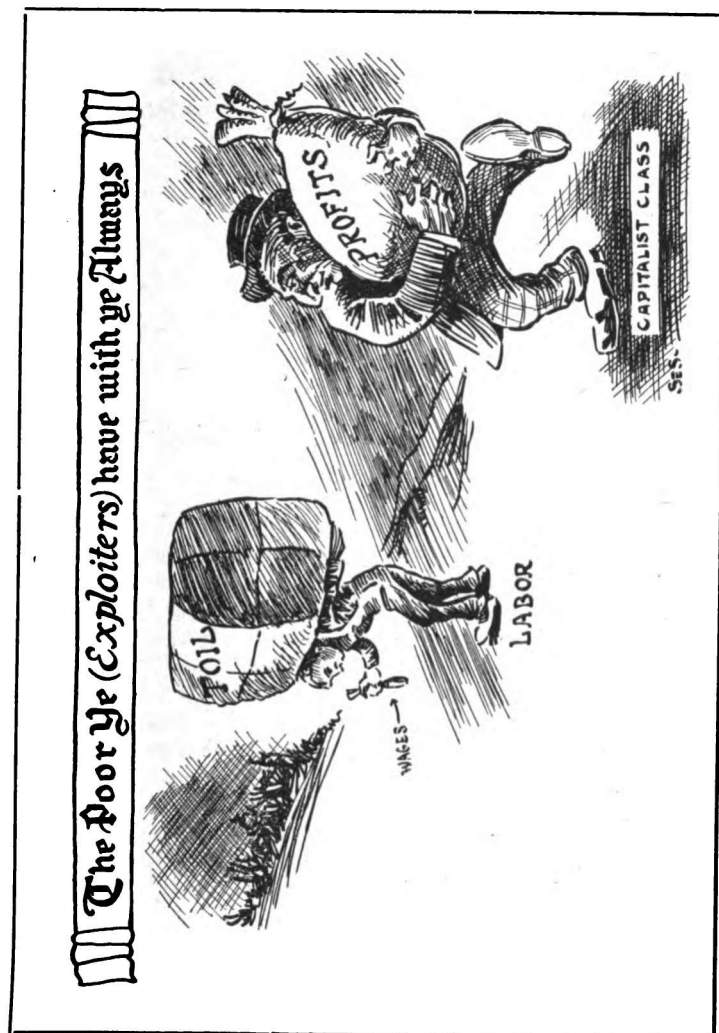
These and more Socialism can and shall do.

A Path That Is Blazed

There is a path that leads out of the dark and dismal wilderness of a master-and-slave-ruled society—it leads on and on to Wisdom, Peace and Fraternity. This path Socialism has gone ahead and blazed, so that “a wayfarer man, though a fool, shall not err therein.” Along this rugged path millions of all tongues and races, hand clasped in hand, under the blood-red banner of brotherhood, are marching. Here are the world’s best living men and women; here are the beckoning spirits of the great and good who have gone before. Spartacus and Jesus, Socrates and Bruno, are here; along this path Hypatia still voices words of wisdom, and Ferrer still cries out against the savage rulers and their servile priests. All who have died for Liberty, and Light, and Love, are here, and, by their precious blood, we of the Revolution vow that even though ours should be the dungeon or the scaffold, yet we will go this way, until the Earth and its fullness belongs to all who labor, and every last master of bread is crushed, and every shackle on the limbs of humanity broken.

Our call sounds clear around the world, and all hell cannot hush it. And in this, my close of the debate, I extend an invitation to my opponent to more earnestly study the economics of modern Socialism, to cease yearning for the "private profits" that most likely will never be his, to brush the capitalist cobwebs out of his head and the plutocratic poison out of his system, and join the workers in their world-wide march to the Co-operative Commonwealth of Comrades.

When every bloody man of war is taken out and sunk, and all of hell's artillery is hammered into junk, and the Plunderbund is swatted stiff, and only those who toil shall eat and wear and use the things from mill and mine and soil, and folks that do the work that's done shall own the tools and jobs and will not feed the drones on corn and they themselves eat cobs; when Labor blows its trumpet blast in hallelujah tones and nothing but a garbage heap is left of Kings and thrones, and every one shall sit beneath his fig-tree and his vine, and the tides of life shall mingle in the human and divine, and a little child shall lead them, as the old, old story ran, I will meet you there, my comrade, in the Brotherhood of Man.



Barnhill's Final Reply

Mr. Tichenor accepts my definition of Socialism, but deserts it early and often. The logical readers (some of whom have written me expressing their uncontrollable sorrow at Mr. Tichenor's ruthless assassination of logic) will be able to pick out many lapses. For instance, neither that definition nor Marx would permit little competing businesses on the farm or elsewhere. Take a few lessons of Daniel De Leon and learn what Socialism is and what it is not, Brother Tichenor.

Berger perpetuated another huge joke when he admitted that "Marx fell down on the question of agriculture."

At the same meeting a leading Socialist said—jocosely but truthfully—"We do not know anything about the land question." It seems that truth is always a joke with a Socialist.

Not till an Arkansas farmer threatened to use his shot gun in defense of his little farm did the Socialists see a great light and consent to leave the farmer in possession of his farm. But that doctrine is for the "rooral deestricks"—it does not go in New York City.

Concerning Panama

If you will read H. K. Webster's article "Red Socialism" which appeared in the Atlantic monthly a few months ago, you would see that a state of absolute dictatorship exists in Panama.

I thank Bro. Tichenor for his kind invitation to join the staff of the Rip-Saw and share in the profits of the enterprise, none of which have as yet been "socialized." However, I prefer my crust of bread and liberty and truth. I'd rather be right than be editor even of the "Appeal To Reason."

Brother Tichenor says "every Socialist who is able should support his state paper without any persuasion." "Persuasion" is good; I had some once at the hands of a policeman. The above statement of Brother Tichenor's will call for two more government committees with soft jobs at good salaries.

First, there must be a committee to decide if the Socialist is "able to support the paper." It would be the most damnable individualism to let him decide this himself. Then if found "able" but still recalcitrant, there will be an executive committee to "make him do right."

Socialists I fear will never understand this great truth that "liberty is the right to be wrong."

I fear my space is exhausted but I will meet Brother Tichenor or any other Socialist at Philippi, Skowhegan or any place in oral or printed debate whenever his remorse over a misspent intellectual life becomes unbearable.

Space does not permit me to say more. But if any readers desire a fuller statement of my position on any point, I will do all I can to accomodate him if he will address me at Xenia, Clay County, Illinois.

JOHN BASIL BARNHILL.

